TWELFTH EDITION

THE CARRIER DOVE.

OH! FLY AWAY TO MY NATIVE LAND.

Ballad

Composed and arranged

for the

PIANO FORTE

by

DANIEL JOHNSON.

NEW-YORK.

Atwill, Publisher,

201, BROADWAY.

LITH: OF LEWIS & BROWN, 37 JOHN ST. N.Y.

Price 25 Cts. nett

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1847 by J. F. Atwill in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

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THE CARRIER DOVE.

ALSO

THE SPIRIT BIRD,

the additional Words by the

REV. DR. J. N. MAFFIT.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED & ARRANCED FOR THE

Piano Forte

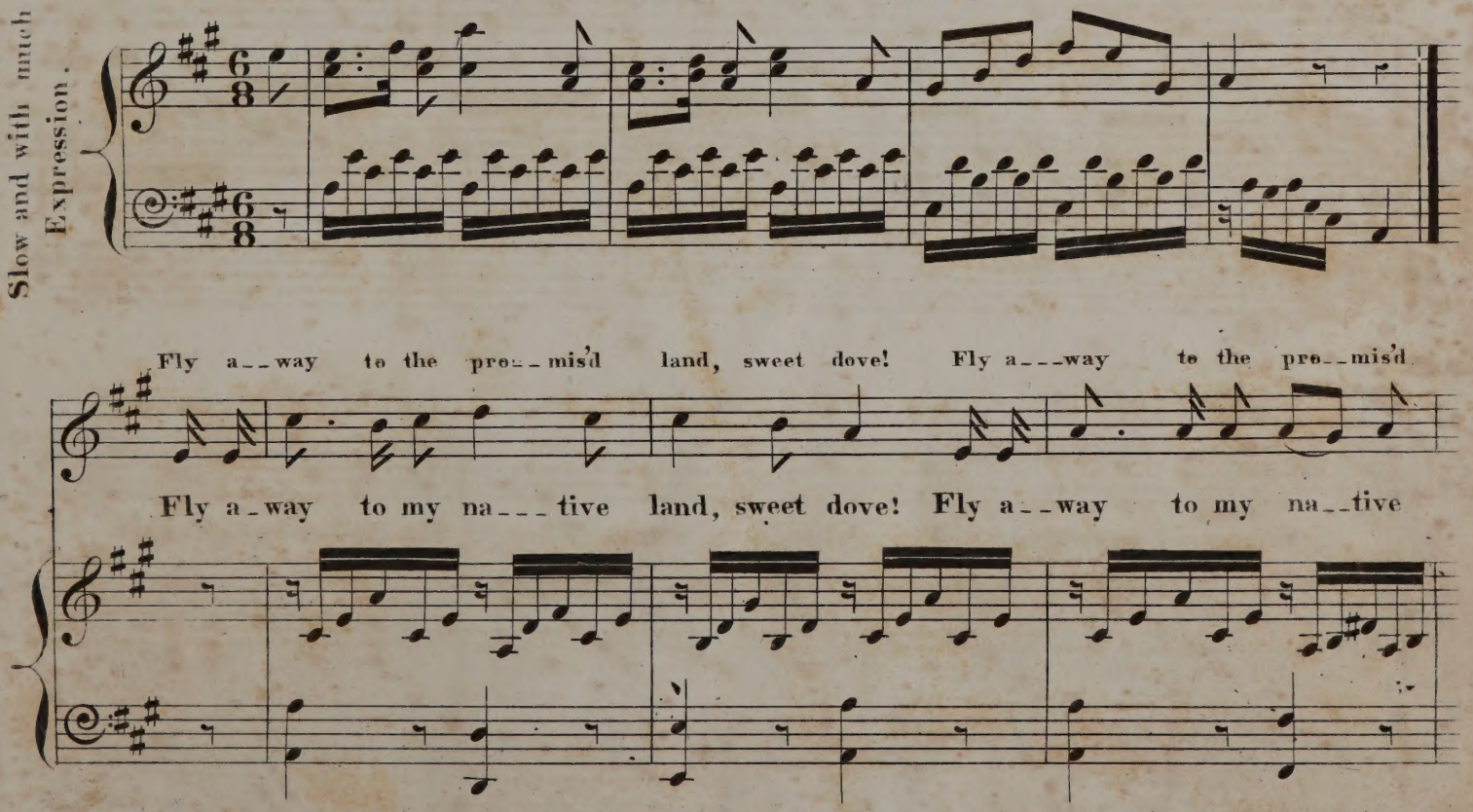
BY

DANIEL JOHNSON.

*** *The Popularity of this Song, has induced persons in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York, to publish music with the title of the* "CARRIER DOVE," *the publisher of this Song, would respectfully remind purchasers: that the* CENUINE *Copy has the Imprint*

—OF—

NEW YORK, *Published at 201, Broadway, by* ATWILL.


Slow and with much Expression.
Fly a_way to the pro_mis'd land, sweet dove! Fly a_way to the pro_mis'd
Fly a_way to my na_tive land, sweet dove! Fly a_way to my na_tive

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land, And bear these sighs to the friends I love, The hap-

land, And bear these lines to my la - - - - dy love, That I've

- - py, the beau - ti - - - - ful band. Deep gloom hath sadden'd my

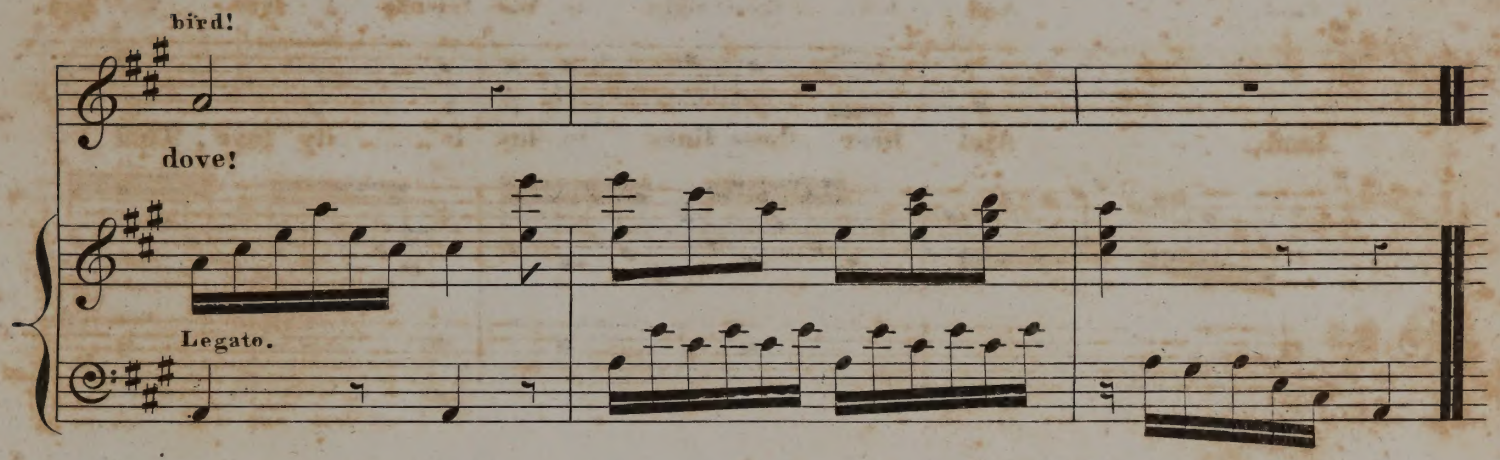
trac'd with a fee - - - ble hand. She mar - - vels much at my

wea - - - - ry breast With sor - - row my heart is stir - - red, I long

long de - - lay, A rumour of death she has heard, Or she

to hear from the land of the blest, Oh! fly to their bowers, sweet

thinks, perhaps, I false - - ly stray, Then fly to her bower, sweet



2

Oh! fly to her bower, and say the chain,
Of the tyrant is o'er me now,
That I never shall mount my steed again,
With helmet upon my brow:
No friend to my lattice a solace brings,
Except when your voice is heard,
When you beat the bars with your snowy wings—
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird!

3

I shall miss thy visit at dawn, sweet dove!
I shall miss thy visit at eve!
But bring me a line from my lady love,
And then I shall cease to grieve!
I can bear in a dungeon to waste away youth:
I can fall by the conqueror's sword:
But I cannot endure she should doubt my truth—
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird!

Additional Words.

2

Oh! fly to their bowers, sweet dove, and say
The light of hope is on me now!
I long to list to a Seraph's lay,
With bright glory upon my brow.
I feel that this world is not my home,
An Angel's sweet voice I've heard,
It comes from beyond the dark lone tomb—
Oh! fly to their bowers, Sweet bird!

3

I will wait thy coming at dawn, sweet dove!
I will wait thy coming at eve!
But bear some news from the friends I love,
And then I will cease to grieve!
I could spring from this prison on wings of love:
I could fall by death's conquering sword:
But I cannot stay from my friends above—
Oh! fly to their bowers, sweet bird!